

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

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TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

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Three copies to one address, \$5.00; Seven do do 10.00; Fifteen do do 20.00...

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

P. & A. BARNES, LOWESS & HARRIS, SONS & SONS, etc.

THE VERY LATEST ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS.

AT THE STORE OF I. R. T. CLEMENT, WHO takes this method of informing his friends and customers...

Men's Apparel, SUCH AS CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETTS, VESTINGS, &c.

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JOHN W. PHILIP respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has just received a large and handsome assortment of Dry Goods.

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The Ladies, Will find a great variety of all such articles as they will need for the present season.

MORE NEW GOODS At the New Store of JOHN BUYERS & CO., Market Street, Sunbury.

WHO has just received and opened a large assortment of new and fashionable goods.

DRY GOODS, SUCH AS Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Merinos, De Laines, etc.

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The Ladies, Will find, by calling at his store, that he has not been unfaithful of their wants.

NEW STAGE LINE FROM POTTSVILLE TO SHAMOKIN.

A new line of stages is now running daily between the above places.

From Shamokin to Treverton there will be established a DAILY LINE by next spring.

CONRAD KERSHNER, Shamokin, Dec. 14, 1850.

INK—Boureaux's celebrated ink, and also Congress ink for sale, wholesale and retail by H. B. MASSER.

SELECT POETRY.

YOU AND I, BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Who would seem his humble fellow For the cost he rears? For the poverty he suffers?

Who would pass him in the footway With averted eye? Would you, brother? No—you would not.

Who when vice or crime repentant, With a grief sincere, Asked for pardon, would refuse it— More than he's a sinner?

Who would say that all who differ From his sect must be Wicked sinners, heaven rejected, Sink in error's sea?

Who would say that vice is virtue In a hall of states? Or that rogues are not dishonest, If they dine off plate?

Who would give a cause his efforts When the cause was strong, But desert it on its failure, Whether right or wrong?

Who would lend his arm to strengthen Warfare with the right? Who would give his pen to blacken Freedom's page of light?

Who would give his tongue to utter Praise of tyranny? Would you, brother? No—you would not.

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over. But, my friend, he added, 'you will need rest; an hour's nap will do no harm.

If you please, I will accompany you to your room.'

I was delighted at the idea of getting clear for a while of my tormentors.

'After tea,' said the Counselor, 'we will take a little walk over my estate. It is a fine day.'

It was shown a comfortable chamber, beautifully furnished, with a delightful prospect from the windows.

'Here you may find amusement too,' said my host, pointing to a richly filled book case. 'If you need anything you need only ring.'

Wishing me a refreshing siesta, the Counselor withdrew. I was alone. I looked out of the window and was refreshed by the beautiful prospect.

'This is really a charming residence,' thought I, 'if it were not for these girls with their devilish pursuits. The old man is much too weak against these forces. That Diiffenbach has pulled out one of my teeth, so that I spit blood as if I were in the last stage of consumption, he really seems to regard it as a friendly service; I suppose he is quite delighted with his daughter when she pulls out his friends' teeth.'

'At all events I'll not stay here long. I will see Oken, however, and fulfil my uncle's wishes to the letter, and then I'm off. If I were to stay here much longer, I believe Diiffenbach would have my legs and arms off, unless they were first shot away by Nimrod.'

During these cogitations I continued spitting blood; I felt no pain, but the hole in my jaw was very uncomfortable.

'I must certainly confess,' said I to myself, 'I never saw more beautiful creatures. They could hardly be handsome; but what is all their beauty if one's life is not safe? But I want to see the third sister, Ernestine. To judge by her portrait she is softer than the others; she is a naturalist, and at least does not operate upon human beings, like Louise and Emilie. What her papa has told me of her fondness for spiders and similar insects is, to be sure, not very commendatory, but it does not endanger one's life. This confounded blood-spitting will never cease. I guess I shall get along best with Oken.'

'It is lucky for me and Miina,' thought I, continuing my reflections, 'that these maidens have such singular passions; and besides, they certainly give themselves no particular trouble to make an impression upon a young man's heart; in fact, they seem to be bent upon maltreating me. If it were not so, and if they only kept themselves quiet like other girls, I should have to look out for my heart, and I could not wonder at that in the case of such extraordinary beauties.'

I would gladly have smoked my cigar according to custom, but the blood in my mouth would not allow it. I was greatly excited by the strange adventure which had befallen me within so short a time. A brief hour's sleep on the sofa could not feel so welcome. I took off my coat, stretched myself out in my shirt-sleeves on the sofa, as it was rather warm, and with my remaining one-and-thirty teeth, laid my tired head on the cushion.

Sleep came, but it was no sleep that could refresh me. The torture I had suffered with the wild sisters was worse in my dreams than in reality. Now Louise was shooting off my head, and now Ernestine was deging at my teeth. So they alternated, each vision growing worse than the preceding. The perspiration started from me, as if I were in purgatory; I ached and groaned enough to draw pity from a stone. After Nimrod had shot a hole through my body, so that the sun shone through, then came Diiffenbach with a string, on which hung my one-and-thirty teeth. I was toothless, like an old man of eighty; but my torture was to be still greater. Diiffenbach produced a long thin iron, sharp as a needle, and was about to operate on my heart. I protested naturally, and strove to keep her off with desperation, but it was in vain. Invisible hands seized and held me hand and foot; I could not move; and with a heaving breast was laid bare, and with a deemonic laugh, the horrible creature plunged the steel into my heart. The perspiration rolled from me. I cried out and awoke.

After my eyes were open, I thought I was still dreaming, and my hair stood up like so many tapers. Emilie stood in reality before me, a lancet in her hand, my arm stripped off, and a dark red jet was flowing from it into a basin, which a maid-servant was holding.

'Mercy, what is the matter with me?' I murmured, in a most melancholy tone for one of blood had made me faint.

'Hush, hush, said my murderers, for so I really took her to be; 'be quiet or you will disturb the bandage.'

'Are you going to kill me?' I stammered. 'By no means, but your feverish state, a real delirium, in which, as I came into the room without knowing you were here, I found you, led me to fear the worst; I saw that nothing but instant bleeding could relieve you. See here, for yourself, how feverish your blood is.'

But I saw nothing, for my head sank back upon the cushion and my eyes closed.

'Only a bleeding,' sighed I; 'God! thy ways are wonderful.' A fainting fit came to my relief.

In the course of an hour and a half afterwards, I was staggering, pretty well weakened by the cursed blood-letting, at the Counselor's side, over his beautiful estate.

'I walk too fast for you?' asked my companion, observing the efforts I made to keep up with him.

'Yes indeed,' I replied, 'I feel rather weak.'

Jungbael stopped, and in a kind and sympathizing tone, remarked:

My poor fellow, you little dreamed, when you set out on this pleasure excursion, that you would need to be bled.'

'That I confess,' I answered.

'I cannot conceive,' continued the Counselor, 'what blood-thirsty spirit has got possession of my daughter. I assure you that whatever she is one of the gentlest creatures in the world.'

I could not see it so. 'But,' said Jungbael, 'you must really have been in danger. Emilie has a sharp eye, and would never have bled you, had it not been necessary.'

'But what could have ailed me?' I asked; 'at the most I was only a little deranged by the tooth-pulling.'

'A little loss of blood,' continued the Counselor, 'excusing his daughter, ordered by a careful physician, and effected by an experienced hand, never did any harm; I am satisfied of that.'

The singular man seemed to find some justification for all his daughters' follies. I believe if they had cut my head off, he would have thought it all right.

'And as to the tooth,' said he, 'you ought to be right glad to get rid of it. I have examined it, and agree with Emilie; I don't believe it would have held out a year.'

'This consultation could help me little.—If the tooth were not sound, I don't know what soundness is. And even if it were right to have the tooth out, one might wait till he was driven to it by pain. My lost grinner had never given me the slightest trouble.'

I considered not without anxiety the whole state of my health, and reflected whether there might not be something out of the way with me, that could attract Diiffenbach's notice, for I was not sure that some new operation might not be impending.

After we had wandered over a good part of the estate, and I had admired everything, as the day was declining, we turned towards the house, where the tea-table stood ready.

The young ladies were again absent.—Heaven only know where Nimrod was hunting. Diiffenbach cutting of limbs, and Oken pursuing her investigations.

'I was indeed curious about Oken, and I must confess I longed to see the lovely maiden. In her case one would have nothing to fear; I was not a beetle, butterfly or tarantula.'

The Counselor seemed annoyed at the absence of his daughters. He must have felt the rudeness with which his worthy guest was treated. He was hard put to it to find excuses for the maidens.

'You must not take it ill of these wild girls,' said he; 'I confess it to my sorrow, left to themselves, they have grown up without restraint, and what with their old ladies, they have no idea of what passes in the world for politeness. I see very well, it can't go on thus much longer. They will grow perfectly wild; I must talk them in hand. They all have me for a father; in this respect I could not wish for better children. I am not without hope of getting them into order. On the whole, I find rather that they should grow up thus, unsupervised by any life, than that they should be mere fashionable ladies, in whom all nature and purity of heart are lost.'

I have never met with a father who seemed to do so on his children. He kept on talking about their manifold good qualities.

It was heartily glad that neither Louise nor Emilie was present. My appetite would certainly have been spoiled. The Counselor stepped to the window.—Evening was coming on. 'We cannot wait any longer,' said he; 'Heaven only knows where the girls are. Let us be seated.'

We took our seats. The exercises had made me right hungry, although the remembrance of the mutilated arm from time to time disturbed my appetite.

We had been at the table some fifteen minutes, the lights had been brought in, when the door opened, and the long-expected Oken entered.

I rose, made my bow, and my admiration of the beautiful maiden became rapturous.

Yes, this Oken, the divine Ernestine, this was the one for me. As beautiful as her sisters, but gentle, amiable in the highest degree. She did not, like Nimrod and Diiffenbach, run rudely by me, without noticing my presence, but modestly bowed to me. She excused herself prettily for being so late,—had she known that so agreeable a guest had arrived, the most interesting scientific investigations would not have detained her.

I sat in the third heaven, and had to guard my heart with all my care against the sweet eyes of this charming maiden.

Ernestine was dressed, although somewhat fantastically, yet with great taste.—One thing I did not exactly like, and that was a heavy singular glittering ring which she wore round her white neck. I could not conceive how this beautiful girl could look happy upon such an odd necklace.

Oken took her seat at the table. The conversation became very lively. It turned upon natural history. Ernestine spoke with animation; her dark eyes beamed most brilliantly.

To ingratiate myself with her, I pretended to feel a great interest in her favorite science, although I had never given it any attention. Father Jungbael was quite happy. The good man looked at us as if everything were settled between us. Wine and love overpowered me with equal facility.

Oken was speaking of the amphibious animals, and mentioning some of the latest discoveries made by naturalists; but I troubled myself little with the learned lecture, and looked only at the beautiful mouth, which spoke so fluently, and at the beautiful eyes, which sparkled so brightly. Suddenly a most singular object was dancing directly under my nose. I stared at it with all my eyes, and had nearly fallen back-

wards, chair and all, in my fright. Merciful Heaven, there was a real, live snake, stretching out to me its horrible head and wicked tongue!

'Here you have a very fine specimen of the—' Ernestine named a Latta name. I was beside myself. From my childhood I had had an extraordinary respect for snakes. With horror I remarked that Ernestine had taken off her necklace, and was holding it towards me.

'Afraid of snakes?' laughed Oken, 'and yet interested in natural history? That is not possible!'

With this the cursed snake's head, with its forked tongue, presented me like a fiend. The terrible maiden seemed to feed upon my agony. She held the monster right at my face.

'I pray you for God's sake!' cried I conjuringly, 'free me from this horrible sight!'

'See nothing horrible,' she returned very quietly; 'just look how gracefully it moves! Again the snake's head danced directly under my nose. I sprang up and began to retreat. Ernestine followed with the snake.'

'I can't understand,' now began her father very coolly, 'why people have such an aversion to snakes.'

'The d—!' cried I, continually drawing back before the pursuing monster; 'I can't endure the beast!'

'Away!' said Ernestine angrily; 'you are no genuine naturalist! And with that she slapped me in the face with the snake, so that I absolutely cried out with fright, and then she wound the animal like a chain round her beautiful swan-like neck.'

I had had enough now of the Counselor's third daughter. He had seen my annoyance, and had repeatedly bidden Ernestine to desist from her cruel play, but the maiden seemed possessed by the devil, and she tortured me so that the perspiration dropped from my forehead.

'The deuce take you all three!' said I to myself, as I wiped my forehead with my pocket-handkerchief. 'You won't see me here again very soon. To-morrow I'll be off, and say good-by to this house, where no man, no woman, least of all, can stand it.'

Oken, after she had settled it that no scientific conquest was to be made of me, followed the way of her sisters, and treated me with marked contempt, quite an *à la-belle*. My spouting love could not have been more effectually withered.

Jungbael remarked, not without dissatisfaction, the change in the behavior of his daughter. He appeared almost to blame me for it.

'I could not have believed,' said he, 'that you would have been so disturbed by a little, harmless snake.'

'He is frightened, isn't he?' said Ernestine, with a smile; 'we are a different sort of people.'

'You cannot help his nature,' said I, sulkily.

'Nature?' exclaimed she, 'what do you know of nature? They never mention the word!'

(To be Continued.)

Work, work, work! And stand at the desk all day! Work, work, work!

And bid an adieu to all play! Work and be constantly driven! Wear the flesh from your bones and your face!

The outsiders think banking is heaven, But it's more like the opposite place.

Count, count, count, and write! Count money all day long! And in making your balance at night, Have your cash come provokingly wrong!

Then look till you're nervous and cross, And hunt till you almost starve! You must charge it to the 'profit and loss.'

And at last find it on the Cashier. Post and compare, and post! Post and compare, and check! And work till you're almost wreck!

Post, and check, and compare! Check, and compare, and post! Till you're driven almost to despair, By the work which upon you is put.

Ledger, and Journal, and Cash, And Blotter and Register, too— And the whole of that blue-edged trash, Which it takes so long to write through, I wish they all could be turned back To rags, lead, dirty and rank, And be stuffed down the mouth of that jack—

Ass who invented a Bank! Sign, sign, sign! And in anxious agony writhe Till you're forced at length to resign, By that lonely old chap with a sythe. Would you be a good banker? Then work, And commit neither error nor fault; Spend your days at a desk like clerk, And be laid, after death, in a vault.

Work, work, work, And stand at the desk all day! Work, work, work! And bid adieu to all play! Work, and be constantly driven; Wear your flesh from your bones and face, The outsiders think banking is heaven, But it's more like the other place!

NICE MOUTHFUL—A chap walking out, came across old Moss, sitting in the broiling sun, fishing. 'Well, Moss,' said he, 'what in the world are you doing there?' 'Fishing!' (Fishing.) 'What?' 'Fishing!' 'Fishing! Well, what's the reason you can't talk. What's in your mouth?' 'Oh, snuff but worms (worms) for bait!'

MARKET FOR SELLING YOUNG WOMEN IN HUNGARY.

Every year, at the feast of St. Peter, which comes on in the latter days of June, the peasantry of the district (Bihar,) meet together at a certain place, for the purpose of a general fair. This fair has a very peculiar interest for the young men and the young maidens, for it is there that, whilst purchasing household utensils and family necessities, they choose for themselves partners, and conclude marriages. The parent brings their marriageable daughters, with each one her little dowry or accompanying her, loaded up in a small cart. This dowry is, of course, proportionate to the lowly condition of these mountaineers—some sheep, sometimes a few hogs or even chickens. These girls are attired in their best, or what pieces of gold or silver they may possess are strung upon a string and neatly attached to the braids of their hair.

Thus fitted out, every girl who desires to find a husband betakes herself to the fair.—She quits the house of her father, perhaps forever, and bids her mother adieu, quite ignorant of what roof is to shelter her, or what fate awaits her at her journey's end. As to her fortune, it is in the little cart that attend her. The object of her journey is never mistaken, nobody wonders at it nor is there occasion for a public officer to make record of deed. On the other hand, the youths wish to procure themselves wives, hasten to the fair arrayed in the very best skin garments their chest contains. These savage looking chaps, who would be quite enough to make our young ladies run and hide themselves, proceed with a good deal of interest and zest to inspect the fair mountain lasses that are brought thither by their fathers and their uncles, casting many side glances and wishful looks towards the captive merchandise. He gives his fancy a free rein, and when he finds one that seems claim his preference, he at once addresses the parents, asks what they have given her, and asks what price they have set upon the 'lot' so exposed for sale—at the same time stating his own property and standing. If the parents ask too much, these gallant 'boys' make their own offer, which if it does not suit the other to agree to, the fond lover passes to seek some other.

We may suppose that the proud young men always keep a 'topsey' open to the correspondence of love-letters upon one head, and the size of the dowry upon the other. At last he finds one for whom he is willing to give the price, and a loud clapping of the hands to bargain is complete. What a heavy blow this must be for some lazy rival who has not decided quick enough, who is halting and considering whether she will suit him, and whether she is as lovely and accomplished in household matters as some of the others. However, the deed is done and the bargain is completed, and forthwith the young girl (poor girl!) proceeds also to clasp the hand of her future husband. What a moment of interest and anxiety to her! The destiny of her life is sealed by this rude clasp of the hand. In this sheas much as says, 'Yes, I will be yours for ever, and I consent to partake of your joys and your troubles, to follow you through weal and through woe!'

The families of the betrothed pair then surround them, offering their congratulations, and at once, without delay, the priest who is on the ground for the occasion, pronounces the nuptial benediction. The young woman pressing the parting hand of the family who have reared her, but of which she no longer part—mounts the cart of her new husband, whom but a few hours before she never so much as knew, and escorted by her dowry, is conducted to the house thenceforward to be her home.

The Hungarian government have long tried, but in vain, to suppress these fairs for young girls. Positive orders have been given that they should no longer take place, but such is the force of long established custom, united to the necessities of this pastoral race, that all such orders have been disregarded. The fair still continues and every year such cavalades as we have described may be seen descending into the plains of Kalmasa, there to barter off the precious jewels of the household trade, as though they were senseless beavers or mere produce of the soil.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

Many suppose that the existence of this far-famed nation, is and was mere fable.—This is a mistake. There was a real Mrs. Partington and she owed her fame to the wit of Sir Sidney Smith, who, in a speech to the Reform Bill at Taunton, in England, referred to her as follows:

'I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reforms, reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town, the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and every thing was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pail, trundling her mop and squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a mop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest—Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady.—You will beat Mrs. Partington.'

Now come still evening on, and twilight gray Hath, in her sober livery, all things clad, Silence accompanied; for least, and hind, They to their grassy couch, these to their beds, Were sunk, all, but the watchful nightingale; She, all night long, her sweetest doanest song: Silence was pleasd. Now should'st thou sit drumming With living supplees: Heepeat, that led The stary bear, rode lightest, all the morn, Riding in clover's majesty, in length Apertures quest, unsifted her gentle light, And over the dark, her silver mantle threw.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The Rev. Thomas Smith, of Falmouth, Me., in his quaint Journal and Diary of the weather, kept by him a century ago, has left on record data which prove the weather of 1750-51 to be the mildest of which there is any chronicle, in New England. We append a few extracts:

January 6th. No snow on the ground. 7th. Snow storm. 12th. Thaw. 18th. The frost is entirely out of the ground.— 21st. Weather like May. 24th. This winter will go down memorable to posterity.

February. This month has been more like spring than winter—moderate generally, and several days as warm as May.— 18th. Pleasant weather still. This winter ends—a wonder through the whole.

March 5th. Snow storm. 13th. Fine spring weather the rest of the month, except the last four days.

AN EXPLOSION QUITE.—The steam works of Major Branners's distillery blew up on Monday last, with a tremendous crash, starting the quiet of our town from its usual repose. The hogs in the pens and yards ran to and fro in great consternation, and the turbid waters of Glade Run were lashed into foam. No lives lost!—Muney Luminary.

THERE is a family in Albany, all the members of which possess extraordinary appetites. There are only five of them, and four loves of bread are requisite at a meal. Twist says, he would like to serve that family.